PS 3521
.I46 P6
1922
Copy 1

POEMS

by

Stanley Kimmel

SONIA
184 West Fourth Street
Greenwich Village
New York
[illegible]1922

PS3521
.I46P6
1922

© CIA676004

Copyright 1922
Stanley Kimmel

POEMS

Stanley Kimmel

NOCTIS SILENTIUM

The day lies buried 'neath a wintry sky
  In cloaks of silence, once vermilion;
Through misty shreds of fading verdant light
  Selene bathes white-limbed Endymion.
Beside a flaming shield of golden mould
  The ancient Clio grasps a withered quill;
Impatiently, with quivering hand, she scrawls.
  Atropos softly breathes, "Be still, be still!"

O where is she of Ilion's fallen towers,
  Or Caesar with his treasured wealth and
    fame,
And he who roamed a fabled, mystic sea,
  That Liberty might know a sweeter name?
Are they but as the dust of Fortune's day
  When she strode boldly through archaic
    lands,
And wedded deathless Immortality,
  Then left him with her jewels in his hands?

MELPOMENE

-To Sarah Truax-

Amid the sparkling flood of silver sand,
Where sleeps the desert wrapped in vestal
beams,
Thou art the goddess of the opal streams
That fall from heaven to this torrid land.
Like some strange cadence of a saraband
The droning winds chant their nomadic themes
O'er crouching tents where each bronze Arab
dreams
Of Cassim's gold and nights in Samarkand.

Who knows, save him whose prison soul
has bled,
The lonely anguish of these Trappist walls,
Or had companionship with living dead
Who jeer the day and chide the night, yet
dread
The coming hour when o'er their serfdom falls
The requiem they hear in cloistral halls?

-The Garden of Allah-

LAW

A child of Custom, whom all tyrants fear,
A gift divine if Reason guides thy way;
But tread not purple roads of power by day,
Nor steal with soulless step into the night
Where Pity gropes unpitied in the sight
Of those gold-kings who would by pillage live,
Lest thou become a red-eyed fugitive
When thou the voice of Anarchy doth hear.

Where Lust and Greed have built a vulture
throne
The Christ of Justice kneels with bleeding
head,
And Kindness is a stranger in that land
Where Poverty with Crime walks hand in hand;
For such my native soil doth hold her dead--
Is this mine heritage of Washington?

LIMON!

Limon! Limon! what thrill thou gavest me
  When first I looked upon thy silent throng,
When all of life lay dreaming in the calm,
  And night winds mingled with a boatman's
    song!
Where once the greedy hand of pirate Spain
  Snatched from thy birthright a dominion's
    gold,
Then placed upon the soil a tyrant claw,
  And for some tinseled god thy franchise sold.

What land can breathe the air republican
  Whose State kneels low before a papist
    crowned?
Is freedom but a gift of regal power?
  Must Liberty in scarlet robes be bound?
Where are the warriors of thy classic days
  Who freed thee when thou wert a noble
    slave?
Arise! Behold! The lord of yesteryears
  Who came as knight remains as royal knave!

PENOMBRA

Before the day her sleepy eyes have closed
And Somnus sweeps her into shadowed
dreams,
Let music float upon the silenced air
In one great symphony of dulcet themes;
Let all the Earth resound in eulogy,
As Sappho sings of some famed hero's
might,
Till Phoebus drops his gems all aureate
And lifeless falls into the arms of Night.

Pale Sleep, with robes of scented asphodels,
Glides swiftly on past mystic twilight folds,
And steals into the forest's dim recsss
Where he can woo the gaudy marigolds;
The stars peer out with cold and jealous eyes
Upon a timid faun who doth forsake
Her lily-bed, that she may muse beside
The moon's proud image mirrored in the
lake.

POEMS

Stanley Kimmel

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 235 586 7